

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

# A Chronicle of Society

**S**USAN DEAR: Who says society girls are butterflies? Time was, mayhap, when a girl was willing to flit and frivol from one year's end to another. But now the debutante has her pretty finger in all sorts of important projects, social service lures her from the tea dance and she even delves deep into the mysteries of psychology.

Right now a group of girls, composed of Julia and Alice Whiting, Margaret Draper, Beatrice Clover, Emily Chase, Madge Stokes, the Mackay-Smith girls and a number of others, debutantes of this year or a few seasons back are devoting each Tuesday afternoon to this fascinating study and meet regularly at Cloverdale school.

Miss Timlow, one of the principals of the school, conducts the class, and I might remark in passing that she is the teacher of a scientific subject and not the founder of a new cult, as some misinformed souls have been led to believe.

Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendall was the moving spirit last year in organizing some of this group into a class for the study of ethics, and this season they organized themselves to pursue the study of psychology.

And nearly every girl I know is interested in some sort of social service work. Whenever two or three are gathered together, nowadays, the conversation turns on "my class" and "my children," and only the other day I met Frances Miller strolling down Pennsylvania avenue with seventeen youngsters, fresh from an inspection of the White House and bound for a visit to the "real live Indians" on exhibition at Kan's toy department. It seems Frances takes the kiddies for a walk or to see some object of interest every Saturday afternoon.

Margaret Howard has two perfectly good families that she "runs" under the auspices of the Associated Charities; Kathryn Gwynn spends hours at the hospital with some small boy who is laid up, and they are but a few of the dozens of girls who are finding time to do similar things.

Along different lines, but even farther removed from the butterfly idea is the task that is occupying Sophy Johnston's attention these days. She has studied stenography and typewriting, and is right now taking a practical course in banking and bookkeeping in her father's office.

Mrs. Montague, who is back in her Jefferson place home, after a long visit in El Paso, brings much interesting news of her son-in-law and daughter, Karl and Mary Minnegarode. They are established at Elkhart, N. M., and since the destruction of their home and all their belongings by fire early in the year, have been obliged to make shift at a hotel of sorts.

The tales of their struggles to obtain some sort of clothing until they could send for things from El Paso would be ridiculous if they were not pitiful, and poor Mary whose sudden exit into the snow on the night of the fire resulted in a severe attack of grippe, had to be taken to El Paso to recuperate, and arrived wearing a pair of high boots so much too large for her that she had to wear gaiters to keep them on.

They are expecting, however, in June to move into a cottage, whose present occupants are to return to civilization and already things are brightening and Mary and Karl are looking up. The best proof is, I think, that Karl has sent for his dress suit.

Was it spring fever or the spring fancy that in the young men "lightly turns to thoughts of love" that entered into one "Eddie" Bacon last week? I'll tell you the tale and let you decide for yourself.

Yearning for exercise one day, he offered to help a friend who was busily engaged in varnishing his canoe—by the way, the surest sign of approaching spring is the sudden eruption of canoes along the river bank. During the operation he warmed up and threw off his sweater, to discover later that he had tossed it upon the freshly varnished canoe and that there it was likely to remain.

Another day in the same week, the same young man, still yearning for the great out of doors, raked his yard and piled the leaves on a wheelbarrow. Suddenly he was inspired with the thought that those leaves were unsightly so he applied a match and sauntered away. Great was his astonishment to discover later that the wheelbarrow had shared the fate of the leaves. I wonder

Isn't it a shame that the Hodges are going away so soon? It has been but a few short months since they returned to Washington from Panama, and Washington has come to mean home to them so much have they been stationed here in the last twelve years. However, their new post, Fort Totten, is charming, and they are looking forward to a visit from Mrs. Albert Acher, formerly Frances Hodges, who arrives early in May to stay several months, so their summer bids fair to be most agreeable. But General and Mrs. Hodges will be greatly missed here, and Alma, too, for she is one of the most popular of the younger girls.

The Washington Riding and Hunt Club will have their "Farmers' Dinner" at the club on evening the last of this week, the dinner which they give each year to the farmers whose fields they trample during the hunting season. The cards are all engraved except for the date and will be sent out the moment Colonel Thompson reaches town. The colonel is always host at these feasts, and a "Farmers' Dinner" without him would be closely akin to "Hamlet" without Hamlet. The Riding and Hunt Club is always gaily decorated for the occasion and Rauscher serves the dinner.

The hunts this year have been so very popular that in addition to the regular schedule, two extra ones were arranged starting from Fort Myer, and there is to be a third this week, on Wednesday or Saturday, starting from the Chevy Chase Club.

Mrs. Gertrude Lyons, a recent notable addition to Washington's musical contingent, will sing at the Peace Meeting to be held at Woodward & Lothrop's Auditorium next Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the international committee of the District of Columbia Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Anna Sturges Duryea, a member of the World Peace Foundation of Boston, will make an address on "Heroinism and the War of the Future." Mrs. Duryea is a member of the Washington Peace Society.



MRS. ROBERT E. JEFFREY.

In addition to being the wife of the newly appointed minister to Uruguay, Mrs. Robert E. Jeffrey possesses the distinction of being a bride, for her marriage to Mr. Jeffrey took place only a fortnight or so ago in Heber Springs, Ark.

During their recent visit to Washington, when they stopped at the Shoreham, the pretty little bride was constantly feted, the Minister from Uruguay and Madame de Pena, as well as many others giving parties in her honor. Mrs. Jeffrey was before her marriage Miss Nina Hoos.

After a few days spent in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey sailed yesterday for their new post at Montevideo.

The marriage last week of Dion Keith Kerr and Dorothy Mosher O'Hara was the consummation of a romantic courtship which I have watched with great interest. Dorothy is as pretty and almost as childish looking as she was when she eloped five years ago with Edward O'Hara, the son of a wealthy Pittsburgh man, and a student at Georgetown University. She is still very young, in her early twenties, but has had a most unhappy time, and was forced to divorce her husband and return, with her babies, to her mother.

Mrs. Mosher lived for a long time in Georgetown, but later moved to an attractive house on the Rockville road near the Morgan Bench place, and there it was that Dion Kerr did most of his courting. Dion is a gentleman of leisure, and if he has a profession it is that of gentleman jockey. He is a great horse lover, and it is whispered that his daring riding in a steeplechase at Fintico was the beginning of his romance. Although he has a place, "Kildare," at Warrenton, Va., of late he has been spending most of his time in Montgomery county.

Both Dion and his brother, Chichester, or Chester, as he was always called, used to be among Washington's most popular beaux, when they lived with their father, Dr. Kerr, on H street, but Chester is now married, and is a stock broker in New York, while Dion has deserted town for the country, and his wife will set up housekeeping at his Warrenton home. Another brother, Harry Kerr, is like his father, a physician, and it was at his N street home that Dorothy and Dion were married.

Dorothy has one sister, Helen, also an unusually pretty girl, who is married to a wealthy Englishman and lives in Australia.

Pigs and pippins are the chief topics of conversation with Madge Stokes and King Stone these days, for they are to be their mainstay in the new life upon which they will enter in June. King expects to make his fortune out of his farm at Berryville, and Madge says she will make him work hard. Truly it

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sixth Duke de Mouchy, she was given in marriage by her cousin, Napoleon III. Little Josephine Broome is now at boarding school, but she spends all of her holidays in Washington with Mrs. Barbour.

Do you remember pretty little Eleanor Vidmer, who visited Mrs. Kuhn at the Barracks about a year ago? She is whose engagement to Joe Alshire has been recently announced and whose marriage will take place early in June. It was, it seems, a quick courtship, for the two young people have only known each other a few months and it took only a few hours for each to decide that the other was—well, that they just couldn't do without each other.

Eleanor is small, pretty, quite young, and has the gentle art of flirting at her finger tips. Joe I have not seen for some years, but he was always a fine upstanding chap. The marriage is to take place in June at West Point, which is almost home for Eleanor.

The Albert Beveridges have recently bought a place on the North Shore, formerly the property of Mrs. Thomas M. McKee, and for a few months at least will be in touch with society from the Capital. Mrs. Beveridge, who before her marriage made her home in Washington, was greatly feted here as a bride; but since the former Senator has been out of official life, their visits to Washington have been few and far between.

Louise King was with Eleanor Morgan the other day when she was thrown from her horse and suffered a broken wrist. Louise and her mother, of course, have been very quiet since the death of her father, Dr. A. F. A. King, which was particularly sad, coming as it did at the beginning of her first season, and horseback riding has

been her chief form of recreation. She is an unusually handsome girl and looks well in black.

What will poor Mrs. Vanstetter do now? The lady, which has been agitating her friends since the recent pathetic death of her husband, the naval attaché of the Russian embassy in New York, a question which she is answering by the announcement that as soon as she settles up her affairs here she will return to Russia to become a Red Cross nurse. Poor little lady, she is singularly alone here, and, although Madame Bakmeteff has been lovely to her, I should imagine she would be not sorry to shake from her feet the dust of a country where she has seen so much sorrow.

Young George Sharp, son of the American ambassador to France, who has been with his father in Paris for many busy days and who came to this country to act as escort to his mother and sisters on their journey to France to join the ambassador, has many tales to tell of his war time experiences. The worst effect that the war has had upon him personally, he says, is that there is no more indoor tennis, a sport of which he is very fond. There is not time by day, it seems, and at night the city is on short rations as far as lights are concerned and the illumination demanded for the game is taboo.

Duty and pleasure were combined this week by the members of the Knitting Club, for an elaborate luncheon preceded the discussion of business at the meeting on Thursday at Mrs. Hugh Wallace's residence in Massachusetts avenue. The club will keep up its meetings during the spring, but there will be a change in the form of its activities to correspond to the changed needs of the Belgian sufferers, for whom they have been making warm garments.

The Marine Band is to play for the ball to be given by the Woman's Army and Navy League at the Navy Yard on Easter Monday evening and from the whispers that are going round the

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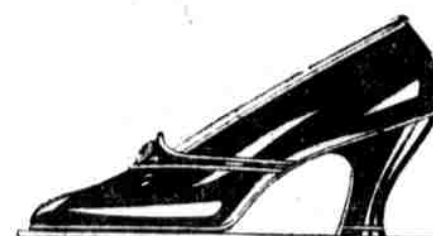
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